

A WRINKLED, Nerve-Racked, BROKEN-DOWN New York SOCIETY WOMAN Whose YOUTH, BEAUTY and HEALTH Miss Ayer Will Restore IN ONE MONTH.



THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK belongs to that class of society that is supposed neither to toil nor to spin, but the strenuous life led by women who are in the rush of things in New York is far more detrimental both to health and looks than the work done by women in the business field.

Late hours, constant change of scene, going from one place to another ceaselessly, too much conversation, a personal striving to keep up with the procession and not to lag behind in the social world is as hard work as the daily grind and routine of office or factory.

Wherever you go in New York you will see women who are suffering from the same physical exhaustion as is THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK. Their faces are haggard like hers, their cheeks are drawn, their eyes are sunken, their necks are scrawny, their chests thin, busts undeveloped, and they give a general impression of fatigue or else unnatural momentary excitement, which one feels will be followed by a strong reaction.

During the course of last summer at "The Evening World at Home" I had occasion to talk personally to many hundreds of The Evening World readers. With them the fat woman was the exception, though she is supposed to be typical of New York femininity. It was the women who are represented by the subject now under treatment that came in droves and wanted to know how to improve their looks, how to add to their weight and how to get rid of the general air of physical exhaustion, mental worry. Usually these women had some trouble with their digestion, and at all events they didn't assimilate their food properly. Neither does THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK. That is one of the things we shall have to struggle with.

Obesity is undoubtedly a result of this. Still, when it comes to looks after thirty-five, a woman generally would prefer being a little stout to too thin. And the fat woman is not a difficult matter providing the stout person are has will power enough to obey a doctor's proposition.

She does not know how to get fat, and worries so much about it that she is always getting thinner. The tissues under the skin of the face sag for lack of nourishment, the eyes look hollow, deep hollows appear in the cheeks, and the nervous tension which usually is temperamental with these people grows itself in every muscle of the face and in the lines which they create.

Her hands particularly show the devastation of lack of nourishment. People say a woman is as old as she looks, but they might add that she is as old as her hands look, and the thin, emaciated hand doubles her years.

THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK is absolutely a typical case of what might be called the result of the New York strenuous life. It doesn't matter whether this is the strenuous life of society or of the shopgirl who works all day and dances part of the night.

In my subject's case there is no organic disease, and though she at one time had a very severe operation, excepting for the matter of digestion she considers herself a healthy woman, but complains of always being tired and wonders why she gets thinner and thinner.

THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK is 5 feet 7½ inches in height and weighs 122 pounds. For her height she should weigh about 135. As it is, most of the fat is distributed around the lower part of the body—the hips being much too large for the size of the bust. Another point in common with so many women. The other measurements are: Neck, 12 inches; waist, 22; bust, 34; wrist, 6; forearm, 8; upper arm, 9 inches.

THE WOMAN WITH THE MASK will begin her treatments to-day by submitting to a thorough examination by a physician, who will also see the subject every week and take account of the results.

Next Saturday the work of the week will be described in detail in such a manner that any woman in a similar condition to that of our subject can profit by her example and improve as I expect THE Woman in the Mask to do. The treatments will consist of diet, massage, physical culture, oil baths and other simple and natural ways of increasing weight and erasing the signs of emaciation, worry and age.



THE MASK'S HAND.
The Mask's Hand Showing Lines of Premature Age Due to Emaciation.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

I HAVE taken a run-down, prematurely old society woman in hand and expect to rejuvenate her in four weeks.

She is forty, but looks much older. I shall take at least ten years off her looks.

She is emaciated and on the verge of collapse. I hope to round out her lines and bring her back to health.

She is nervous and cannot sleep. In a month she should have perfect control of herself and be able to rest like a baby.

She cannot eat. I shall revive her appetite.

The strenuous life she has led has robbed her features of all their original attractiveness. I shall do my best to restore her beauty.

The experiment begins to-day. Its progress will be recorded photographically and descriptively in The Evening World as results are obtained, and there will be a summary of each week's work in the Saturday Evening World.

With this distinguished subject I shall, old before her time regained her lost give a practical demonstration of how a youth and added considerably to her woman who was thin to emaciation and weight.

Gyroscopes Cure Seasickness.

By U. S. Consul H. Dixon, of Newcastle, England.

THE gyroscope apparatus consists of a heavy flywheel rotating about an axis which is initially vertical and is carried by a frame which can oscillate about a horizontal axis lying transversely in the vessel, the oscillatory motion of the frame being checked by means of suitably adjusted brakes. The flywheel is one metre (39.37 inches) in diameter, weighs 1106 pounds and revolves 1600 times per minute," writes United States Consul Dixon in a report of successful trial tests of this device made on the Tyne.

"When the flywheel is running at its working speed, if the casing is held firmly by the brake, so that it cannot swing, any rolling motion of the ship is not affected by the gyroscope. When the casing is allowed to swing, the motion being controlled by one of the brakes, the rolling is immediately checked, and for all practical purposes destroyed. Each tendency of the ship to roll is changed into fore-and-aft oscillatory motion of the gyroscope accompanied by development of heat energy in the brakes. There is no accumulation of roll, and the ship is to all intents and purposes a steady platform, having only a vertical or heaving motion."

Mrs. De Rivera's Good Story.

MRS. BELLE DE RIVERA, President of the Equal Suffrage League, said of a certain suffrage question:

"If we adopt that course, we shall be going from bad to worse, from frying-pan to fire."

"In fact, we will resemble the poor shop girl who married the elderly miser."

"The girl's position after marriage was a hard one, and she and her mean old husband exchanged many bitter words."

"I only married you," the old man said one day, "because I pitied you when nobody else thought anything about you."

"She looked up from the wash-tub wearily."

"Ah, well, Timothy," she said, "everybody pities me now!"—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

The Test of the Cook.

IN a lecture Mrs. Charlotte Clayton-Terence, the cooking expert of Cleveland, paused to condemn the cook of the average country hotel. "She," said Mrs. Clayton-Terence, "resembles the woman of whom two men were talking. 'But can she cook?' said the first man. 'Cook?' said the other; 'you bet she can cook. Why, she could get a hotel job if she wanted to. Hang it, man, that woman knows thirty-two distinct names for bread pudding.'"

NAT C. GOODWIN Says Acting Has Become a Joke and the Theatre Is Now a Mere Business Enterprise.

By Charles Darnton.

THERE he was, hard at work before breakfast. I had come to see Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, Presiding Genius of the American Stage, and found Mr. Nat C. Goodwin, President of the Page-Ad. Mining Company. He was up to his shins in business. The rest of him was wrapped in a long tan-colored coat. He brought his pen to a full stop, pulled in a shn that was not for publication and lifted his eyes over a pair of nose glasses. "I had to jump right out of bed into these letters and telegrams," he explained. "My mining business is growing so rapidly that it takes up most of my time."

"Are you likely to give up the acting business for the mining business?" I asked.

"That's just what I may do," he said, gravely.

"Would you be surprised if this were your last season on the stage?"

"Couldn't surprise himself."

"Nothing that I did would surprise me," he answered, his gray morning face dawned into a smile. "But, seriously, and his eyebrows came down to business. 'I might as well give all my attention to my mining interests. Acting is a joke to-day, and the stage nothing but a big business enterprise. I understand that Otis Skinner has put himself on record as saying that the old-time actor wouldn't be tolerated to-day. That's a strange statement for any one to make. For years Mr. Skinner has been knocking at New York's gate, and now that he has got through at last he becomes impudent. He has evidently forgotten a few actors who would be tolerated to-day if they were still on earth. Take Garrett and Kean; I guess they were a couple of 'stiffs,' and to come along with a few more, has he forgotten Booth, Barrett, John McCullough, Charlie Thorne, Charles Coghlan, James W. Walker, Jefferson, Johnny Owens and a lot of others? Does he imagine that they wouldn't be able to adapt themselves to the times? I'd like to take the portraits of twenty-five old-timers and line 'em up with the pictures of an equal number of present-day actors, and then let a committee of our intelligent theatre-goers draw their own opinion. I don't think it would agree with Mr. Skinner's."

A waiter came in with a tray, and Mr. Goodwin turned to drown his rising wrath in a cup of coffee.

"Now, I'm a fairly good comedian,"



writes good farce, but New York doesn't seem to like the play he wrote for me. You never can tell about New York. It isn't bias, and it wants to be courteous—but sometimes it doesn't know how. On the road they liked 'The Easterner' immensely. But New York doesn't like a rural play—at least, not above Fourteenth street. Denman Thompson can still pack the Academy of Music with 'The Old Homestead,' and I believe Warfield could do the same down there with 'A Grand Army Man.' Now I am best in a frock coat and a dress suit, but I have the fatal gift of variety, and whenever an author sets out to write a play for me he seems to feel that he must make me not one thing but a little bit of everything. He gives me a part that is a composite of everything I've ever played. Out on the road, as I said, they liked the play, and the company gave a good performance. But the moment we got within one hundred miles of New York the company began to tremble with terror. The chill of a New York first night is felt miles away. There is some excuse for this, for there is nearly always an uneasiness and the actors on an opening performance that has been keyed up all alone is now keyed down. I never feel afraid—not even of you iconoclastic gentlemen in front—but usually the members of my company are scared to death. This makes it very hard for an actor to get his comedy over the footlights. There is more psychology in fun than in tears, for the secret of humor is to write up and play up to a sunny situation. A great deal, too, depends upon the courage of a comedian. I always go on the stage like a fighter going into the ring.

Managers Think They Know.

"Speaking of fighters," went on Mr. Goodwin, after he had lighted a cigarette, "reminds me that managers are like men who go to see so many prize-fights that after a while they think they know how to fight themselves. Convinced in time that he knows all about 'art,' the manager goes to the theatre and referees a rehearsal. He tells the actor how to act. That's the worst phase of the situation to-day. If the manager would only stick to business and keep his hands off 'art,' it

could be better for all concerned. Finance and art are not twin sisters, but if the theatre must be put on a commercial basis, let clever business men do it. The syndicate has benefited the profession commercially—there is no doubt about that. But no one can put art on a commercial basis. A theatre must have more than financial backing."

"Do you think our new 'National' theatre will have more than financial backing?" I asked.

"From what I have read," he answered, "I don't imagine it will have much artistic backing, and I certainly can't see its 'national' side. If a man is coming over from England to manage our stage, another from Italy to manage our music, and still another from France to manage our dancing, it seems to me that we only need Chinese ushers to make it a truly American theatre. You can spend millions in building a beautiful theatre, but you must put something in it before it can gain artistic recognition. Now, Tiffany put up a beautiful new building but he didn't put tin cans in it. He filled it with diamonds and pearls. In Paris there is a little box of a theatre which probably cost less than the decorations of a single box in our 'National' theatre. But Antoine filled his plain little box with diamonds and pearls of art, and all the world goes there to admire and to wonder. The directors of our 'National' theatre should go there and see the work of the master hand, or they might drop into Helasco's theatre, right here at home and learn a thing or two. I don't know what they are going to do, but if what I hear is true, I'll bet I could put up a tent just outside their theatre, and with a company of real American actors draw a bigger crowd than they could attract, with their beautiful display of fashion and architecture. But why talk about it further?"

Why, indeed? For me it was time to go. For the busy "Nat" it was "back to the mines."

NATURALLY.

"She positively went crazy over her new art."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It went to her head!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.